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THE ANGELUS BELL.

Hark! Do you hear the joyous sounds
That rend the dewy morning air?
To tell all men of honor due
Their Saviour's Mother, Virgin fair!
Ave Maria!

A half a day has run its course;
High stands the noon-day glowing sphere;
The golden chimes again peal forth
The Virgin's glory bright and clear.
Ave Maria!

The day to rest is sinking fast.
But hark! The solemn sound recurs
Most gently telling pious souls
Their Mother's home shall once be theirs.

T. F. KRAMER, '01.

A MODERN ROMAN.

HORACE M. GREENE, general of the Confederate forces, sat in his tent, his eyes, large and dark indicating rashness, staring blankly at the marshy ground beneath his feet. Even though it was the fourth day of winter, the cold, drizzling rain pattered monotonously on the canvas shelter. Within the furnishings were scant, as became a Confederate general in those times—a few boxes and a number of battered and mud-besmeared trunks, on which were some tattered blankets serving, no doubt, as a sort of bed; on the rickety table stood a burning candle, and some papers on which were drawn plans that the general had been perfecting. The general himself sat on a crippled camp stool, elbows on his knees and his massive head covered with a luxurious growth of black hair, now streaked with gray, resting on the palms of his broad hands. Evidently he was in a reminiscent mood; thoughts and images seemed to occupy his mind, which judging from the changing expression of his face, were hardly pleasing, if not wholly bitter. He murmurs, mutters, grinds his teeth, then in a half-audible tone he gives utterance to his thoughts and reflections. “Tomorrow,” he said bitterly and sorrowfully, “is Christmas, but how different from the one twenty-five years ago! The recollection floods my soul with joy with madness—joy, that once I was so happy, and madness, because that joy can never more be mine.

“Then, all earthly things seemed made for my sole enjoyment; everything was as I might wish it. I was young, powerful, glowing with health, and possessed of a well earned reputation as a captain of cavalry; but, more than all else, I was blessed with an angel for a wife, and a fine, lusty youngster,” a sad smile crept over the general’s battle-scarred face, “who came as a Christmas-gift—yes,” looking meditatively at his jeweled watch, “about this time of the evening he was already three hours in this miserable, heartless world, and tucked cozily away beneath silken coverlets winking and gesticulating with infantile wisdom. And when I turned from the cradle and looked at Mary, ah! how vividly I still see and feel the pathos, kindness, and love sparkling in her lustrous eyes, as we each gazed into the very depth of the other’s soul—she for the first time, a mother, I, a father. Little did we dream that it would be the last time, for Mary from that time was not the same—O yes,” resting his head on one hand and looking at the candle as if addressing it, “she was as kind, sweet, affectionate as formerly, even more so, but she was robbed of her blitheness of spirit, her elastic step, of the bloom on her cheek, the brightness and lustre of her eye, in fact, she became weak, frail and sad. Disease seized and gnawed her till, when the boy was five years old, she died—died, and my heart died with her.

“I was alone—alone in a dark, dreary, dismal world. True, the boy was left me, and seemed to bear a charmed life, which his recklessness, even

at that age, led through many a gauntlet of dangers and hair-breath escapes. But blinded as I was by grief, and later by drink, I blamed, cursed him for sapping all his mother's health, vitality, and taking the last breath from her—her, the one person on earth for whom I lived, whom I idolized. I say I cursed him, even treated him cruelly; but now after twenty years have passed, I see that I crushed, drove from my aching heart, the one being who would have filled the vacancy in my life, the one being whose love would have satisfied the craving, the longing that was driving me mad.

“But my punishment came, and with it, but too late, a revival to my normal self. Oh! the horror of that night! How I dreamt that I heard loud, piercing cries of ‘papa, papa’! How they grew fainter and fainter till the silence of the night remained unbroken! How I awoke, as I thought, from my dream! But, merciful God, that was no dream. My boy was gone. Sallying madly out of the house, my lantern revealed to my bulging eyes blood, bits of flesh, brains, scattered and smeared over the front of the house, here and there on the fences and sidewalk down the street. That night all the powers of hell seemed to torture my guilty soul, and the dawn found me a weary haggard, but a changed man, with a fixed resolution to find my boy and treat him with a father's love and solicitude. That he still lived I was almost certain since an examination by daylight proved that no tragedy had taken place, but that the spots and smattering of blood had been of my

own mind's making. I was convinced also that Frank, my boy, had been kidnapped, and who else could have done the deed but "Old Tom" since he was nowhere to be found.

" 'Old Tom,' sometimes called 'uncle Tom' 'nigger' etc. was an 'inheritance' from my father, and was the only slave I possessed. He was as one of the family and very fond of children. That Frank should have loved him, and he, Frank, was not surprising to me. When I would treat Frank roughly or cruelly, he was sure to seek and receive consolation from 'uncle Tom.' Often the lad would climb my knee as I sat before the bright, but cheerless hearth, brooding, and passing his soft, plump hands over my rough and scowling face would gently invite me to amorous play; but rudely, not caring whether or not he fell, would I push him from me. Then with tear-dimmed, down-cast eyes, and I suppose his little heart breaking, he would huddle himself in the welcome lap of 'Old Tom,' who would kiss and caress him, calling him by all the endearing names he knew, which were many. No wonder the boy grew to love him better than he did myself and even to call him 'daddie,' for which, in my coldness and cruelty, I cared little. That 'Old Tom' was the kidnapper I was certain, since his kind old heart could not bear the sight of pain or suffering, and these he witnessed in my house daily. Evidently he was the instrument of Divine Justice in depriving me of my boy. Where they both are today, God only knows, for I have never seen them from that night to this,—twenty years, long lonesome years of

punishment. All that I can hope for, all that I do pray for, is that the boy may have fallen into hands, by whom he has been raised and educated as his mother would have brought him up: that the Almighty may protect and bless him so that he may, if he lives, act always nobly and be a better man than I have been. Oh! Twenty-five years ago! Twenty years ago tonight!" The general returned his watch into his pocket and drew out a small, ovalshaped glass locket containing a wee curl, brown and glossy. He looked at it intently and with a sad expression; thoughts flitted through his mind uncontrolled; emotion shook his bulky frame, and then he, stern, brave, fearless, loved by "Dixie," feared by "Abe's blue-coats," wept—wept tears of sorrow, sadness and wretchedness. Finally exhausted and unstrung by his burning thoughts and reflections, his head drooped upon his breast and he slept.

Softly, silently, stealthily, a shabbily clothed form crept on hands and knees into the tent. When near the sleeping general, he rose slowly and cautiously, at the same time watching the general closely. Then he caught sight of the locket, picked it up, and read these words written on a piece of yellow paper attached to it: "A lock of my boy's hair. All that I have of him." This seemed to concern the intruder little since he quickly and deftly proceeded to search the general's pockets, having in the meantime jerked a long, three-cornerd dagger from beneath his ragged coat and placed it between his teeth. He secured all the general's papers, including the instructions

for the morrow and the plans of the confederate camp and coming battle. These he concealed beneath his rags. All was now finished. Turning to depart, he had taken but one step towards the door of the tent, when the general moved, groaned, and opening his eyes stared as in a night-mare at the canvas roof. "What! thou scoundrel, my son, my boy a traitor, a 'blue-coat'! I'll tear thy tongue from—thy—h——" and quick as a flash the intruder snatched his dagger and held it hesitatingly above the general's heaving breast. "My boy a blue-coat! I'll kill him." The intruder raised the dagger high in the air preparatory to strike when his arm was firmly gripped from behind and these words quickly whispered, "Cap'n Frank, wha' yo' goin' to do! He is the one I tol' yo' about; he is yo' fader." "My father! my God! and in *that* uniform—man, what do you mean?" and Frank leaned against the row of boxes, pale and exiled. Yes, this man was Frank Greene, now gallant captain Greene of general Grant's army of the Potomac.

When Frank had been taken by "Old Tom" to a distant relative of captain Greene's, both he and "Old Tom" were adopted by this relative whose name was Wilkes. Long before the outbreak of the war Mr. Wilkes moved north, taking Frank, now a youth in his teens, and "uncle Tom" with him. A few years later Frank entered West Point. From his infancy he had shown noble and manly traits, with a spirit of "fight" and pluck predominating. He had inherited the grand physique of his father, as well as his fiery and impetuous

spirit, bravery, coolness and sagacity, and when unprovoked; displayed much of his mother's affectionate disposition. At the Academy he curbed himself and his evil propensities, brought his "fire" and "fight" under control and directed them into the proper channels. Having a strong and decided love of country it was little to be wondered that when Sumter fell he should offer his powerful and well-trained body, and his sharp, acute mind to the service of his fatherland. He fought like a demon, was reckless, brave and quick to see an advantage, always in the sharpest conflicts, performing deeds of valor and heroism that astonished his generals.

On the 24th of December 1864 he was raised from a lieutenancy to a captaincy, with a promise of higher promotion. On the same day the General of the Union army called for volunteers to enter and explore the Confederate camp. Captain Frank Greene, as usual, was not the first but the most determined, and his reputation for skill and bravery gained him the honor. Thus we see him in General Greene's tent on the eve of Christmas.

Captain Frank wondered how "old Tom" had managed to follow him into the Confederate lines; he shuddered to think how near he was to his own father, whom he hardly remembered, and the few memories he had of him were not pleasant. Then he recalled to his mind the words which "old Tom" had spoken to him when he entered the army of the North. "Massa Frank, look out tha' yo' don't meet yo' fader in tha' blue-jacket, fo' he'll kill yo' shoaw. Fo' he of'en said when yo' war' a baby

tha' rather than raise yo' a traitor to yo' country he would kill yo' wid his own hand, and he lobes the South wid all his heart." This was true and General Greene considered his allegiance to the South a duty and when General Greene looked upon an act as his duty, nothing short of superior physical force could deter him from its performance. As Frank stood doubting, bewildered, "Old Tom" motioned for him to follow; then "Old Tom" slipped through the opening into the darkness. Soon his usual coolness returned, and Frank resolved, now that his mission was accomplished, to depart. But first he knelt and by candle light penned a few words to his father. That letter was never finished, for an Orderly and four armed soldiers appeared in the doorway with a sharp command to surrender. Frank hesitated, meditating a dash for liberty, but a quick command and the simultaneous click of four muzzle loaders told Frank the officer was not to be trifled with; he gave himself over. The consequent commotion of this affair wakened the General, who, at sight of so many persons about, jumped to his feet looking enraged and determined, and with a brace of revolvers in his hands to defend himself. The Orderly saluting said: "This begger we captured here in your tent, and we have reasons to think that his intentions are not the best," The General scowled. His usual severity and harshness of expression were returning. His keen eye detected at once the admirable disguise of Frank, and he roared out; "Rip off those rags, Sir." With an ease and grace that caught the eye of the General,

Frank divested himself of his ragged disguise, and stood firmly and coolly before the astonished Confederate General, in a natty blue uniform. The General admired him, as he eyed him from head to foot, finally resting his gaze on the steady, piercing eye of young Frank. "What is your name and rank, Sir?" said the General coldly and sternly. "I am captain Frank Wilkes," replied Frank evasively, assuming the name of his guardian. He was too proud and loved his country too well, to disclose himself to this arrogant General, and stoop to beg for mercy. "Men, search your prisoner." The General was dumbfounded when he beheld his own private papers and other camp matter on the young captain's person. "So, captain, you are a spy? You know your penalty?" "Death," said Frank with a slight smile, "but I do not fear it." The General seemed to be struggling hard, whether to condemn him to night on Christmas eve or defer the execution. He started; a sense of his duty came upon him, his prominent jaw set hard, his eyes glared and an expression came over his face, which, in battle, his soldiers say, means death or victory. "You die, Sir, at taps. Fifteen minutes are left you to collect your thoughts," said the general, as he noticed by his watch that it was fifteen minutes to nine. "I am ready at once", quickly replied Frank. "Orderly, you and your squad conduct the prisoner to the eastern lines, there bind him and await my orders."

With a salute the Orderly faced about and together with his squad conducted Frank out into the night. The General went to his trunk, took

out two brace of revolvers, laid one on the table, the other he put into his belt. Donning his field coat, and extinguishing the candle, he followed the Orderly. Then "Old Tom" burst into the tent snatched the remaining brace of revolvers and sallied out into the black night after the General. The drizzling rain had turned into sleet, then into a heavy snow and an inch or more had fallen during the last few hours. "Old Tom" directed his steps to where he beheld a faint light. A few steps farther, and he heard the clear, powerful voice of the General, "Squad, Load." "Old Tom" feeble with age could go no faster but in a few seconds a sight opened upon his view that almost bereft him of his senses. In the full glare of half a dozen torches stood captain Frank bound and bandaged. At a distance of fifty paces stood the General and the squad of four, arms now loaded, and awaiting the next commands. "Ready," growled the General. "Old Tom" hobbled into the lighted space, and facing the general said, "Massa, I'se 'Old Tom' an' he" pointing to Frank, is cap'n Frank Greene, "yo' son." The General staggered and would have fallen had a long box not afforded him a support, his eyes rolled and his hands flew to his breast as though a sharp pain racked his heart. The object of all those miserable years' craving was before him; a second, two seconds would unite Frank and himself in a warm embrace. But—a spy—the thought fixed his determination, "Die—he must" was his resolve. Steadying himself, he cried hoarsely "Aim." "Old Tom" sank upon his knees and pointing both re-

volvers straight at the general's heart exclaimed, "Massa', yo' give tha' command, an' I'll shoot."

The General pressed his aching head with his hands; was he mad, or was this only a dream? "No," he thought, as he saw "uncle Tom's" flashing eyes with two revolvers in his hands and the determination expressed in his face. The General's jaw set harder than ever, the blood vessels stood out upon his forehead threatening to burst. The soldiers stood as if rooted to the place; their eye, the small shining sight of the gun, and a white spot on Frank's left breast, were all in a straight line. They were growing nervous with the strain. The General bends an intense gaze upon Frank's features, he smiles, then straightening up to his full height, he utters from between his clenched teeth, the word, more like a death cry than a command, "Fire." Four guns and two revolvers make but one reverberating report.

The sentinels' "All's Well" could be heard travelling along the lines from the southern extremity of the camp, at first faint and indistinct, but loud and clear, when near the scene of the tragedy, then passing on northward, dwindling away again into silence, like the slow and smooth crescendo and diminuendo of a beautiful Christmas carol.

W. ARNOLD, '02.

THE STUDY OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

THE true, unprejudiced, and sincere history of the world is undoubtedly the oldest and newest record. It lends a most vivid and absorbing interest to the scenes and events of the past and present, it gives us the most remarkable record of what has been, and affords us the means of knowing what may probably yet come to pass. It is not only a plain and simple record of those ordinary facts and happenings that are taking place in this wide world during the lapse of each year. This it is all. But including and beyond all this, it deals with man, the crowning work of God's creation, with the aims, doings, and exertions of all men in all places and at all times. But in order to conceive, to see, and to comprehend the sublime office of such a record, and to feel convinced of the sublimity of its study, as well as of the great benefits derived therefrom we must look at it in the light of true faith.

Behold the boundless panorama lying before us! Its observatory, the elevated position of the 20th century, lends a view over the mighty sepulchre of time, and only finds its limits in the horizon of infant mankind. What men of all generations have thought and invented; all their joys and sorrows; all they wished, achieved, and suffered during life's battle; their prayers and supplications in dangers and need; their sacrifices; their mode of life with their hopes and avenging

hatred; their eager striving after wealth on the one hand, and their piteous fall on the other; how they traversed the earth, crossed and explored seas, and measured the very sky—all is represented to us and drawn up in most vivid colors.

The world has many mansions. The wise, the good, and the learned stand here chance with the rest. And everyone's name is written with the golden pen of truth in her record. Crowns may there be mentioned only to be contemned. Virtue and genius well merited stand out in unfading beauty and admiration as models of the world. There shines forth the merited tribute of praise and recognition of glory for the "patriots who have toiled and in their country's cause bled nobly"; for the heroic defender of truth and justice, as well as for the champion martyr of faith.

In history we find exhibited, as Mr. Macaulay well expresses it, the true character and spirit of an age. It shows us the court, the camp, and the senate. But it shows us also the nation, the march, and progress of the human mind. Men are not merely described, but made intimately known to us. We acquaint ourselves in a very extensive manner with the affairs, actions, and thoughts of the living and the dead in the most remote nations and most distant ages, and that with as much ease as though they lived in our own age and nation. We learn not only the actions and sentiments of different nations and ages, but we also transfer to ourselves the knowledge and improvements of the most learned, the wisest, and the best of mankind when and wherever they may have lived. Society

is shown from the highest to the lowest, from the royal palace to the beggar's hut. No circumstance is omitted that influences the happiness of mankind, the change of morals and manners, the transitions of communities from poverty to wealth; from ignorance to knowledge; from falsehood to truth.

When Cicero called history the teacher of life and its writer a prophet of the past, then did Carlyle well express this truth when he styled history an epistle of instruction, a message from former generations, that all mankind sends to every individual. Does history in this respect respond to our expectation? Do its instructions and admonitions compensate the time and pain that a careful study of it may exact from us? After but a moment's reflection, the answer becomes obvious, seeing then the priceless advantages derived therefrom, and its striking and lasting effects upon the individual and society at large.

With the standard of dignity we measure the worth and sublimity of human sciences, and as such the science of history holds a superiority to all others; for the reason of its dealing with man, the only rational creature in the world. It is not only a most powerful means in the ennobling of character but also a most potent factor in the formation and developement of the mind. The sincere, unprejudiced, and truth-loving reader cannot help detecting in it the loving protection of an all-wise Providence that directs all things to our welfare; that lends help and spreads light where human strength and human counsel have ceased

to be of avail. It teaches us the instability, the mutability, and decay of all things, and exhorts us to set our exertions for the attainment of nobler and worthier ends. By holding out to us men's changing fortune, it makes us firm in character and ready for meeting life's adversities. It furnishes us numberless examples both for imitation, and for lasting warning. It is the depositing of fruitful results, and satisfies men's curiosity, a passion worthy of rational creature.

But in addition to all this, history bears yet a special worth. To men in all positions and circumstances it is of inestimable use and benefit. Through it we obtain for ourselves a thorough knowledge of men and nations. For the warrior it furnishes examples of heroic valor, fortitude, and self-sacrifice; for the learned it is a trustworthy guide in all his speculations; to the lawyer it explains the spirit and cause of laws; for the acquisition of scientific knowledge it cannot be disregarded; the poet and orator draw from it the best material, the choicest examples of virtue and manliness; the philosopher is, with its assistance only, enabled to enter into the spirit and thought of all nations: and without it, he loses himself in empty probings.

Now, if we look at the world in our day, we see it full of stir, noise, and outward show. Every thing is done in society and by organization. Thought, intelligence, education are so generally diffused that independent thinking is hardly possible. Religion takes the general form and characteristic of the time, rising and falling with the

tide of common feeling, thoughts and opinions. And now, it is but natural that we should take ourselves to that record known as the World's History.

As a biography is the most faithful picture of the individual's life representing his coming into existence, his gradual growth and development of body and mind, his influence upon his fellowmen, and his final disappearance; in like manner, the great biography of all mankind, the history of the world, whose last leaf shall be inserted on the day when the stream of time with its last dashing wave shall have entered the shoreless sea of eternity. Then life's mystery will be solved. But now when we ourselves are yet floating on this mighty stream of time and are carried on its billows, it is our duty to watch the King of heaven and earth in his ways of providence for mankind.

E. HEFELE, '01.

THE SHEPHERD LAD.

On far Bethlehem's silent plains
A lonely shepherd boy
His flock was tending, chilly pains
Enduring without joy.

The air was cold, the night was dark,
No glowing embers bright
Revealed to man frost's painful mark,
On that face pale and white.

To meditation's solemn joys
At last he turned his mind
So free from all the weary noise
That men in life will find.

He thought of God's mysterious ways.
How men four thousand years
In sorrows, sins, and pains their days
Had spent—in lasting fears.

But that by mercy God ordained
To free the fallen race,
Which by hell's power had been chained,
From ev'ry sinful trace.

He sent a pray'r to Heaven's throne
Asking the Saviour dear
On earth to fix his saving home
And free mankind from fear.

But lo! An angel fair appeared
In garments snowy white
The shepherd's lonely hut he neared
Announcing tidings bright.

"Salvation now on earth is born
Glory to God on High
Peace to men who on this glad morn
Adore their King so nigh."

"Arise and follow to the cave
On yonder stony slope,
Where not as king, but as a slave
He shows bright rays of hope."

Forgotten were all sorrows vile
The lonely shepherd lad
To see the Saviour's peaceful smile
Followed with spirits glad.

When by the manger poor he knelt
To Heav'n he sent a sigh
Expressive of the thanks he felt
Toward his God so nigh.

As there he knelt divine love's dart,
To draw him nearer still;
To Heaven's desire, pierced his heart.
He knew his Saviour's will.

A CHRISTMAS VISIT.

IT has always been a very landable customary practice in a small village of S. G. that the people exchange congratulations and special greetings on Christmas day in honor of the Child Jesus. If a passerby could tarry long enough to feel something of the delicious fascinations which so charmed those inhabitants, whose delight was always pleasant to behold, he would unconsciously be affected by that mysterious power which ever surrounds men at peace with God and their fellow-laborers. Everything around appeared so peaceful and beautiful and picturesque. He would experience a thrill of delight at the knowledge of being far away from the stirring tumult and noise of the cities, to enjoy to the full extent such a happy day in the quiet of rural life. Were he to cast a second closer attentive glance at the place and people, he would very readily observe how an old man was being led around from house to house by a little boy. This old man seemed strongly built, his steps did not betray any uncertainty or hesitation, but his eye-sight failed him.

In his outward appearance, he was neatly dressed in old but good clothes which he had received from some charitable persons. The expression of his serene countenance was softened and beautified by the reflection of interior peace. His manner needed no argument to make him a

distinguished figure. Among the articles he generally carried with him was a large hollow walking cane, while on his side hung one of those well known harmonicas which even the poorest German is found to possess. He was generally known by the name of Lawrence.

The boy's name was Willie. He had been ordered by his parents to be the guide of that poor man, when he was paying his visits on the day of universal joy and happiness. Willie performed this work of charity very promptly and willingly; charity to the poor was his innate disposition. They were those innocent days when the boys make no secret of their joy. He certainly had no idea of the vast changes which would be witnessed at the close of the century, when materialism has almost entirely its grip upon the happiness or unhappiness of the Christmas holidays. The custom of the gift giving, at first intended to be a symbol of the Divine gift to man, had not yet degenerated into a heavy burden which only too often causes irritation and disappointment. That Christmas should be a day of such commingled emotions was unknown to him.

Willie was a magnificent specimen of buoyant youth and flushing health, very tall for his age and with the figure of a young athlete. Nevertheless it was not very easy to lead the blind man, Lawrence, over snow several feet deep, but the greatest dangers presented themselves in going across icy surfaces, where a single wrong step might bring about most severe injuries. But the protecting hand of the Child Jesus was ever upon them.

Early on Christmas morning, Lawrence would come to the house of Willie's parents. They exchanged happy and joyful greetings. At the time to go to Church, all attended at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass with great fervor and devotion. After that, the real work for Willie and Lawrence commenced. As a good starting point, they first called at the house of the kind and well beloved Father of the parish, where Lawrence always met with the warmest reception. He would take forth his harmonica and accompanied by its sweet strains sing one or more of those ever joyful Christmas hymns. A song is always impressive, but never more so, than when sung in a low voice by an old blind man. After the singing, the kind Father addressed a few words of consolation and never failed on Lawrence's departure to give him some presents besides the priestly blessing.

Thence they proceeded on their journey, Willie leading Lawrence from house to house. They passed through many a street lined by beautiful trees, then, indeed, denuded, for a long time of their thick foliage by the busy winds of autumn. At every house and cottage Lawrence was welcome; he needed but to carry his harmonica and his way to the rich was unimpeded by his poverty. Wheresoever he entered, he had to sing a number of songs. Everybody listened as if spellbound; there was a breathless stillness when his low voice so full of pathos lingered upon the words:

“Sacred Infant, all divine,
What a tender love was thine;
Thus to come from highest bliss
Down to such a world as this!

Hail thou ever blessed morn!
Hail Redemption's happy dawn!
Sing through all Jerusalem,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."

All listened perfectly motionless, eyes closed, in the profound recollection which is the burning life of the soul and yet its divine repose.

Then, there fell softly upon the air the beautiful hymn "Adeste fideles, laeti triumphantes, Venite, venite in Bethlehem etc." Lawrence flushed, for who does not feel happy at touching the hearts of men? Not a person remained unaffected. Those who listened experienced the truth of a happy Christmas and never forgot the emotions of those moments. Varied interviews were likewise carried on. Lawrence being asked once how long he had been deprived of his sight answered that seventy years had elapsed, since the last ray of light had penetrated his eye. Poor old man, how dreary was thy earthly sojourn! It grieved the people that he should have been placed in such a painful position and everybody contributed liberally to alleviate his sufferings. When virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become embodied in human character and exemplified in human conduct, which everywhere adheres to the true nature of things, then, these friendly inhabitants were the first to embrace their total significance. Sympathy is often more a matter of imagination than of experience. Lawrence's kind nature went out to these warm-hearted loyal people and they felt as though his feelings were their own. Every family was anxious to hear and to help the poor man. Even in

houses whose inmates themselves were in need, Lawrence could never leave, without being obliged to accept some presents. An invitation to Christmas dinner was extended every year by a rich miller. This formed indeed the only banquet of which Lawrence ever had the pleasure to partake.

Hardly any source of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples, especially of almsgiving affect the mind. These people were considered by Lawrence and his guide, Willie, as the most noble, most generous and most brotherly of human kind. After dinner, the afternoon was spent in a similar manner to that of the morning, and happily to state, the blessings of God were always showered abundantly upon them.

Year after year, the same incidents repeated themselves until 18—. Willie had in the meantime grown up to a young man, but he never forgot to be the guide of poor Lawrence, nor did he feel the least ashamed when scorned and mocked by other boys. He always met Lawrence with renewed and sincere pleasure. That Christmas morning, however, Willie had been waiting for him a long time. His blue sparkling eyes looked out eagerly from the windows, he listened to the pattering feet but nobody came. Uneasiness gradually seized upon his mind. Supposing that something unusual must have happened, Willie set out for Lawrence's home. But how great was his surprise on receiving, at the same time, the sorrowful as well as happy news that the soul of the poor blind man had been transported during

Christmas night to the glorious abodes above. Happy spirit that was to receive greater and more valuable presents from the child Jesus in Heaven, than could be given by mortal hand. May his newly illumined eyes have seen the heavenly splendors, and may he have been worthy to join the choir of the angels singing: "Glory to God on High and peace on earth to men of good will."

Many a year has since passed like a shadow into the ocean of oblivion, but the memory of that poor man is still kept fresh in the peaceful hearts of the inhabitants of that village. And with enthusiasm Willie tells yet of the many and beautiful experiences of those happy days. But the happiest days, like all the good things of this life, have come to an end. The affections of a boy change as he grows up and the years bloom with flowers, but never equal those enjoyed in earliest boyhood.

E. SEIFERLE, '01.

THE FEARLESS BARK.

Old steeples long ago rude time has broke.
To castles, altars that our Fathers wrought,
To all that mighty minds received and taught
Opinions' plagues have dealt a dreary stroke.
Proud views that unrestrained by conscience' yoke,
Into an e'er widening circle spread and grow;
A sea where billows rise 'midst winds' wild blow,
'That vie all hope of saving shores to choke.

But lo! Above the arch of peace extends
Which tow'ring billows' rage will ne'er assail,
A bark with sails of love unfearing wends
Below the course through ocean's threat'ning gale
To truth—its pilot—weal and woe it lends,
No strength, or might 'gainst it shall e'er prevail.

E. HEFELE, '01.

THE INFANT.

On Christmas eve all fair and bright
We pilgrims in this vale of tears,
To the Infant, shining as light,
Betake our joys, devoid of fears.

His Godlike head on straw reclines,
While from His eyes great love darts forth.
Quivers our souls, as joyous chimes
Vibrate the frost'd air from the North.

And flood frail souls with mighty grace
Soft-falling as flakes on the lawn.
He instils the hearts of our race,
With warmth from festal heaven drawn.

With garb, as white as fresh-fall'n snow
The absolved hearts of men he decks,
And joys, as pure as angels', flow
From souls that have for years been wrecks.

All hail to our Infantile God,
Who visits so humbly our earth,
By infinite love, not the rod,
Gathers hearts of steel and mirth.

W. ARNOLD, '02.

CARL'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

ON the morning of December 21st the boys were making ready to leave the sacred walls of St. Joseph's to spend their vacation with beloved ones at home. Muffled up in warm overcoats, flashy scarfs, caps drawn down over their ears, the jolliest set of students that ever departed from the college left that morning for the railway station. They arrived at the depot without any time to spare, for station-master Martin was already calling out, "All aboard! for Monon, Delphi, Indianapolis and Cincinnati. Train now ready on track No. 1." This call, being familiar to the older students, brought forth a hearty—

Ree! Rah! Ree!

S. J. C.

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Rah! Ree! Rah!

Rah St. Joseph's!

Rah! Rah! Rah!

which rang through the attractive little city of Rensselaer for the last time in the year 18—.

A blast from the engine told that it was time to start. "Good-bye! Vincent and Carl, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"

"Thank you, we wish you the same!" came the answer from the two lads who were to spend the yule-tide at the college. Amid the deafening noise of rumbling trains, clanging of bells, the train pulled out of the station. Vincent and Carl

waved the red, white, and green until the train dwindled into a mere speck as it neared Pleasant Ridge. The boys on the train took a last look at the distant college towers and then withdrew into the coach. Tom Thienes who was trying to amuse himself by sending out puffs of smoke which he had drawn from a mild "Havana Plantation," retired to a seat to join company with Robert Peelle.

"How are you going to enjoy your vacation, Bob?" asked Tom. "My expectations promise one of continual pleasure," was the answer. "I should have known that," exclaimed Tom, "but my thoughts were drifting back to St. Joseph's, to our little friends, Vincent and Carl. You see, Bob, one day while on the campus, the minims were talking about the boxes and all kinds of pretty things they wanted from Santa Claus, Carl Hils, who was a silent listener, seemed to be lost in deep thought and at the same time I noticed a tear trickling down his cheek. He detected that his unusual melancholy mood had attracted my attention and off he scampered to the study hall. No doubt, his roving imagination had led him back to his home far away on the beautiful Rhine. And the desire to receive a Christmas box, packed by his beloved mother and sister, caused his dejection of heart. I pitied him, and this being the first time he is to spend the holy tide of Christmas away from his mother's fire-side, I intended to make it a happy one for our little friend. This morning before our departure I heard Vincent telling him how glad the boys are when they receive a box, and what fun it is to take out all the goodies.

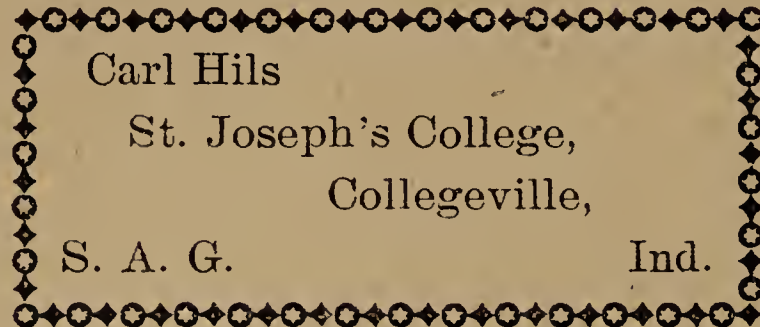
Poor Carl! all he said was, 'I wish I'd get a box.' I said to myself, good you shall have one. Now Bob, I am going to send him a box and it will please me very much if you assist me in sending Carl this little surprise." "Good, Tom, good, you are always trying to make somebody happy. Sure, I will help you, but tell me where shall we meet?" "I would propose this evening at J. C. Hatfield's wholesale house," said Tom, "in order that he may receive it Christmas." Their conversation drifted to different subjects when unexpectedly the brakeman called out "Indianapolis!" to the surprise of both Thomas and Robert. In a few minutes they were surrounded by their many friends and relatives. The same evening they met at the stated place from where, with the taste of the fair sex, a box was packed and sent to Collegeville, Indiana.

* * * *

Christmas morn had arrived. The boys rose earlier than usual in order to attend five o'clock Mass. They prepared for chapel where they received Holy Communion. The chapel, oh! how beautiful! The altars were more brilliantly lit up than on other Holydays, the flowers placed in an artistic manner, the crib with the Infant Jesus in the Manger, at the side knelt the holy Mother. Numerous small illuminated lamps that glittered like diamonds, greatly enhanced the magnificent decorations of the sanctuary. Never was the chapel so elegantly trimmed. An eloquent sermon by the celebrant, Father Augustine, the sweet strains of the "Adeste Fideles" added more in-

spiration to the hearts of the faithful worshippers. After Mass Carl and Vincent went to the refectory and partook of a good breakfast prepared by the kind Sisters. But, before they came to the dining hall, Brother "William," the mail carrier from Collegeville to Rensselaer, greeted them with a "Merry Christmas!" to which the boys returned a warm "Thank you, we wish you the same." The Brother then accepted an invitation to dine with the two heroes. The meal-time was pleasantly spent. Carl was telling how yule-tide is enjoyed in the 'Vaterland' to which Brother William would respond with a good story. Suddenly Carl, who must have still heard the soft peals of the "Venite adoremus Dominum," changed the subject and remarked, "Brother; I feel so happy, I just imagine I am going to get something good." Brother William jokingly replied, "I hope your 'imagine' comes true." "Good for you, Brother," broke in Vincent, "I know I'm going to get a box and when you go after the mail, don't forget to call at the express office." "If your box is there, Vincent, I'll make 'Dick' run all the way back to Collegeville." "That's the idea," exclaimed Carl. The two lads left the Brother to attend to the mail and waited patiently for his return. In a short time the little gray horse was seen coming at a fast clip down the college pike. Off the boys went to meet the running horse. As they neared the Brother, a wide smile was conspicuous on his face. With one bound the boys were on the wagon. But alas! the box for Vincent was not there and a disheartened look crept over their faces. Quick as a

flash, vigilant Carl dragged a box from under the seat and said, "Here it is, Vincent, Brother was only teasing us." He turned the box over and with great astonishment read,



Carl Hils
St. Joseph's College,
Collegeville,
S. A. G. Ind.

Again the boys were happy. They took the box to the trunk-room and after tasting all the sweet-meats, Carl said, "Vincent, they must have made a mistake and sent your box to me." Nevertheless, in the afternoon, to the greater joy of both, Vincent's box arrived, and Carl learned, that, though a great distance from his dear ones, he was among kind friends and fellow students, who realized his position and who were anxious that he should enjoy a happy Christmas.


J. W. WESSEL, '04.



THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN
PUBLISHED MONTHLY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

| | |
|--------------------|------|
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 It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Entered at the Collegeville Post office as second class matter.

THE STAFF.

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| M. KOESTER, '02. | E. WILLS, '03. |
| E. WERLING, '03. | J. WESSEL, '04. |

EDITORIALS.

"Joyful chimes are ringing
O'er the land and seas,
And there comes glad singing,
Borne on every breeze."

To all our friends and readers we heartily wish the full enjoyment of a merry Yule-tide.

Another Thanksgivingday has become history. We are glad to state that it was duly observed at St. Joseph's. The chief feature of the celebration was the rendition of R. B. Sheridan's drama, "Pizarro", by the C. L. S. The attempt was a complete success. The Columbians only added another well deserved branch to their numerous laurels. We extend to the Rev. Moderator our hearty thanks for his untiring efforts in behalf of the perfection of our dramatic presentations, likewise to the pains-taking efforts of the participants. We congratulate the C. L. S., but we hope that they will soon take courage and again give Shakespeare a place on our stage.

No genius will ever be forgotten; his works will live and with them the author thereof. Chaucer has had his days of apparent death; but again he is rising in favor. The appreciation of his work is even greater in this unliterary age than it has been at any previous period: the classic reverence accorded to Homer and Virgil is fast entwining a hallowed circle about Chaucer's memory.

Lately his quincentenary was celebrated. A noble tribute is paid to his memory by Mr. Hales, Professeor of English Literature in King's College, London, in the North American Review. The article as a whole is an elegant commemoration of the event. The sketch of the poet's checkered career is complete; the estimation given of Chaucer's literary attainments is what we would have expected. A more truthful picture of "the supreme Poet of the Middle Ages" Mr. Hales

could hardly have given. "It can most truly be asserted that the general tone of his works is healthy and health-giving, and that, in judging of certain grossnesses that offend the modern reader, we must carefully take into account both the manners of his age and his creed and principles as an artist. Once on a time men went naked and were not ashamed, and that time had not entirely passed away when Chaucer wrote. He is at times frankly and simply natural, but he cannot be accused of deliberate and lingering sensuality. He takes men as he finds them, and does not shrink from portraying the coarse as well as the refined. He knows that all sorts go to the making up of the world, and he paints all sorts. But he never forgets that a villain is a villain; and no one has given more sympathetic pictures of what is liberal, noble, chivalrous."

But why give vent to his prejudices? "We would fain believe that the 'Retracciouns' mentioned in the final passage of the 'Canterbury Tales' were either a sacerdotal suggestion or were made by him when he was no longer his sane, clear-headed self." Mr. Hales certainly does not understand the lively faith that burned in Chaucer's heart. He knew that he had written things that he should not have written; for them he felt remorse: neither were there "amongst his vexations some narrow-minded priest that persuaded him in his weakness of body and mind to apologize for much that needed no apology"; but his apology was suggested by his own good sense of what is right and wrong. Chaucer was a fervent

Catholic, though he had not always lived as such, he at least wished to die as such, and be happy in the end.

We hope our friends will excuse our tardiness of the issue. Whilst we were preparing to go to the press the editor one morning made a mistake and went to bed instead of to the sanctum, thus putting all the work into younger hands.

EXCHANGES.

Our unassuming little friend, the *St. Vincent's Journal*, has made a prompt appearance in our sanctum. It was a humorous and sarcastic idea to compare "The Battle of Blenheim" to the deeds of valor (?) and chivalry (?) performed by Funs-ton, "of swimming and looting fame," and by "Leary", with his rhetorical (?) language. The writer of "All Saints and All Souls" is rich in thoughts and language. At first we were tempted to skim the article carelessly, but salient thoughts here and there striking us, we retraced our steps and perused it attentively. 'Tis laden with Christian and poetic thoughts—thoughts and reflections of a sober, meditative mind. Yet we are disappointed in the editorials, and we see no reason why, "our editorial space is so curtailed this month." In our opinion the editorial column should be the last space in a college journal to be "curtailed."

The Xavier, as a rule, repays a careful reading

of its pages, and it is as well gotten-up this month as ever before. Looking over the *Xavier* this month, we find many pleasant features, and consequently have a very poor opinion of the taste and judgment of the indifferent young gentleman who said that the *Xavier* "was not worth the price of subscription;" we are much inclined to say to the gentleman, in a boy-hood phrase, "Come off your perch." The story, "M. Le Capitaine", does credit to its author. The plot is well and pleasingly developed and unfolds in smooth, pathetic language. The traitor dies justly, and we could not wish "sweet Jeannette's" end otherwise. "Daniel Defoe" however is the best of the contents. The writer enlightens us on many points of this "picturesque" character. He deals with the subject of his essay in a just and charitable manner, when he says: "It is hard to estimate him (Defoe) accurately. To my mind the good seems to predominate." Defoe's "tremendous energy," volatile affections, his magnanimity and meanness, his keenness and prolixity, are well presented to us in graceful diction by the writer. The editor advocates with reason and some eloquence a revival and sustenance of numerous societies, which tend to foster a genuine college spirit, and which are no mean influential factors in education. We take his editorial treating on the support of a college paper, not "as a little word for ourselves" but for all of us.

The *St. Mary's Sentinel* has come to hand, and we were well pleased with its contents till the exchange column was reached, then—. The *St.*

Mary's Sentinel has, to our knowledge, always shown itself a journal of good judgment and common sense. All in all, it still possesses these golden qualifications, but a bit of criticism in the Ex-column of the last issue is a discredit to the journal. For an ex-man to spy out one faulty sentence in our college journal of forty-eight pages, and then devote almost a full column of his own paper, to riddling and tearing to pieces that one sentence, without a word or syllable of praise or blame for other parts of our publication—all this is more than we can reconcile with our ideas of just and profitable criticism. The evident reason for this display of critical acumen (?) was because we *casually* pointed out a faulty sentence in the ex-column of the St. Mary's Record, and at the same time made a blunder ourselves. From this it is apparent that the Exman's principle is as follows: Point not to the mistakes of others so long as you yourself are not free from them. Yet in *his own* column he violates *his own* principle, and is guilty of the same "strange inconsistencies" of which he accuses us; he uses a more "violent inversion" than the one of our number, which he pointed out with ridicule and sarcasm. We could retaliate by calling his attention to several "brakes", and the inaccurate use of words, even in the editorial column, for which we have otherwise nothing but words of praise. However we refrain, lest such a course, such retaliation, besides being contrary to our ideas of criticism, might, and in justice should, jeopardize the sincerity of our criticism in the eyes of fellow jour-

nalists. Furthermore in one short sentence we suggested a remedy to the delinquent of St. Mary's for the eradication of certain faults in her style. This one short sentence the Exman of the Sentinel calls "a *learned discourse* on the principles of style" Bravo! Friend. What a genius for hyperboles! What another stride toward *creative criticism*! The world of Letters will one day be astounded at the effervescent flow of your imaginative ebullitions. Then speaking of our suggested remedy, the modern Hippocrates of St. Mary's says: "We wonder if the Exman ever thought to take any of his own physic?" Frankly, my dear friend, he does take that same physic, in large doses and daily. However the local physician's diagnosis is that our Exman is distressingly costive. Hence have patience and we will pay thee all. For our fellow Exman's benefit, permit us to quote the following from a work of recognized authority among literateurs: "He (the critic) should not, on account of *minor* imperfections, condemn, as a whole, a performance which possesses other merits equally important. He should carefully draw a distinction between what is good and what is bad, giving full credit for the one and showing how to correct the other. His criticism should not be confined to little faults and errors, which no writer, however careful, has been able entirely to avoid. A *true* critic will rather dwell on excellencies than on imperfections. This, indeed, is a more difficult task, and involves a more delicate taste and a profounder knowledge, than indiscriminate fault-finding." How does your sham

criticism compare with this learned man's idea of real criticism? The Exman himself says: "Excellence in criticism lies in the ability to point out clearly and accurately the peculiar *beauties* and *defects* as well as the general." Yes, he certainly did "point out....particular *defects*," but how many "beauties" either "particular" or "general?" "Were there any 'beauties'?" he may ask. Judging from his criticism solely, our October number must have been rather barren of such things as "beauties". However we leave this question for others to decide. As a parting word of advice let us say that the next time the Exman has a mind to put into print such a criticism, let him take it out into some deserted grove, and there read it to an old hollow stump, or better, yell it into a rustic, unused well, inhabited by countless vermin, and, we think, therein there will be interior darkness and gnashing of teeth; finally let him bury his manuscript with this inscription above it: "Here Lies Nothing". With greater pleasure we turn to such articles as "College Journalism" and "Orestes A. Brownson". The editorials on certain phases of truthfulness, cheerfulness and noble thoughts, are above the ordinary, and of such worth that we found it instructive and a pleasure to jot parts of them down in our memoranda, as a source of future inspiration and pleasant thoughts.

The *St. Mary's Record* has been rather unkind in not sending us the November number. A serial story hardly reads well with an entire chapter missing.

W. ARNOLD, '02.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Since our last issue we have received the following books from Benziger Bros.

Confirmation, by Rev. Nash D. D. is a complete and brief explanation of the Catholic doctrine, written for young people, in a plain and clear style. No effort seems to have been spared to make every word intelligible. An ingenious method of arrangement has been devised. The book is divided into a "Reading side" and "Question side" into "paragraphs—each embracing the material on parallel pages." Examples, verses and remarks are happily dispersed among the questions. Every true Catholic who possesses it will undoubtedly cherish it as the key to true knowledge and heavenly riches. Price \$3.50 per 100.

The Mysterious Doorway. This is the latest production of Anna T. Sadlier's delightful pen. The scene of the plot, which is well depicted, is laid in New York. Little Marjorie is the pleasant but straightforward heroine. Her brother is a far more amiable and unpretending character. The story, though as a whole very improbable, teaches children an important lesson: that they should never undertake anything of a serious nature without first consulting the will of their parents. Thus the volume may prove very useful. Price 40 cts.

The Queen's Page, by R. T. Hinkson, a story of the days of Charles I. of England, is an interesting little book of eleven chapters each conveying its

lessons in a simple and pleasant style. Loyalty and true affection of a noble life are admirably depicted in the hero. It is a story which every one may read with pleasure and improvement. Price 40 cts.

Little Missy, a story by T. Waggaman, promises rare delight to young readers. Surely, many will wonder how so many pleasing thoughts and such a goodly number of beautiful sketches could be contained within the little volume. By an artist's hand alone this could have been effected. The plot is simple but neatly told. We are glad to express our thanks to the author for adding another gem to the selection of reading matter for the young, with whom it certainly warrants much favor. Price 40 cts.

Old Charlmont's Seed-Bed, by S. T. Smith. It is a very interesting tale written in plain, juvenile style. The novelty of the book lies in portraying the character of the school-boy. Each chapter is accompanied with a moral, instructive to young and old. As Christmas time is speedily approaching this little book would, undoubtedly, be a very appropriate gift for many. Price 40 cts.

Little Lives of the Saints for Children. This book is a novel attempt to place before the young the virtues and heroic deeds of the saints. The lives of such saints only have been chosen that are especially attractive to children. The style is simple and easy, the manner of treatment very pleasing, and the selection leaves little to be desired. Twelve full-page illustrations give to the volume a very neat and beautiful appearance. The little book should easily find its way into every Catholic child's library. Price 75 cts.

PERSONALS.

The following have been visitors at the college during the past month: Rev. A. Seifert, C. PP. S. formerly president of the college, now rector of St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, O.; Rev. C. Guendling, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. J. Berg, Remington, Ind.; Rev. C. Ganser, Kentland, Ind.; Rev. C. Romer, Delphi, Ind.; Rev. C. Thiele, Whiting, Ind.; Rev. A. Hemmersbach, Ceder Point, O.; Rev. E. Barrett, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. F. Koenig, Lowell, Ind.; Rev. E. Jakob, Loda, Ill.; Rev. G. Horstman, Reynolds, Ind.; Rev. J. Kubacki, Hammond, Ind.; Mr. B. Alt, North Auburn, O.; Mr. and Mrs. W. Sullivan, Mrs. C. Lapple, Miss K. Hildebrand, Delphi, Ind.; Misses C. Horstman and C. Schmidt, Reynolds, Ind.; Mr. J. H. Cook and son, William, Crown Point, Ind.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The C. L. S. held their quarterly election Nov. 25. The notable events of the election were the good nomination speeches and the voting by acclamation. Their choice fell to the following: Pres. Mr. C. Mohr; Vice Pres., Mr. Wm. Arnold; Sec. Mr. H. Seiferle; Treas., Mr. E. Werling; Critic, Mr. E. Hefeale; Marshal, Mr. H. Hoerstman; Ex. Com., Messrs. M. Koester, J. Mutch, E. Wills.

Program Nov. 4. Music by Orchestra; Essay

on Kindness, by Mr. S. Hartman; Debate, Resolved, that a man acquires more knowledge by reading than by observation. Aff., Mr. S. Kremer; Neg., Mr. Chas. VanFlandern; Recitation by R. Stolz; Zither and Violin Duet, by Messrs. X. Jaeger and E. Flaig; Farce, personated by Messrs. M. Koester, B. Holler and H. Hoerstman; Music. The debate was won by Mr. VanFlandern.

The program rendered Nov. 18, is as follows: Essay by Mr. X. Jaeger; Debate, Resolved, that United States Senators should be elected directly by the people. Aff., Mr. Ed. Wills; Neg., Mr. R. Monin; Vocal Solo by Father Justin; Recitation by Mr. L. Huber; Humorous Recitation by Mr. T. Sulzer; Dialogue by Messrs. John Wessel and Howard Muhler; Piano, Melodion and Violin Trio by Messrs. E. Hoffman, J. Steinbruner and Wm. Arnold. The victor of the debate was Mr. Ed. Wills.

A. L. S. The Aloysians were not slow in presenting the highest honors to the worthy numbers of their society by electing the following officers Nov. 18: Pres., Mr. R. C. Goeble; Vice Pres., Mr. E. Lonsway; Sec., Mr. J. Dabbelt; Treas., Mr. A. Junk; Marshal, Mr. Wm. Fisher; Librarian, Mr. G. Arnold; Editor, Mr. M. Shea; Ex. Com., Messrs E. Cook, J. Jones, L. Monahan.

Marian Sodality. Dec. 8, the College Chapel held out a special charm to the many new students of St. Joseph's. Long did they wish for this feastday of the Blessed Virgin, that they might become special children of the Queen of Heaven by being admitted to the Marian Sodality. A solemn

High Mass and the instructive sermon delivered by Father Andrew Gietl C. PP. S. prepared well the thirty two students who were solemnly admitted after Mass. The Diplomas were blessed and distributed by the Rev. Moderator, Hugo Lear, and the sodality adjourned.

E. G. WERLING, '03.

THANKSGIVING DAY 1900.

Thanksgiving has ever been one of the leading holidays at St. Joseph's. Highmass was celebrated in the college chapel at eight A. M. by the Rev. Horstman, pastor of Reynolds; he likewise delivered an eloquent sermon contrasting the meaning of Thanksgiving as it is held by infidels and Catholics. The day closed most appropriately with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Owing to the consecration of the Bishop of Ft. Wayne the planned military exercises, and games were omitted; nevertheless the day was joyfully spent in other amusements. The balls of the bowling-alley were rolling continually; in the forenoon the Victors and Tigers engaged in a contest; the former proved themselves invincible.

The play was rendered the evening before the national holiday. "Pizarro" is a drama in five acts by R. B. Sheridan. It was a happy selection. The stage is never too crowded and the characters keep the audience in suspense. The rendition of the drama as a whole gave general satisfaction. Profound quietness in the hall, interrupted only

by frequent applauses amply testifies this assertion. We cannot attribute perfection to the acting of individuals; but the natural shortcomings were eclipsed by their excellencies. Every performer evinced a determination to impersonate his character to the best of his abilities. No weariness was caused by the intervals between the acts; they lasted but a minute or were dispersed by both vocal and instrumental music under the guidance of Rev. Justin Henkel and Prof. Hemmersbach respectively. The Rev. Justin Henkel delighted the audience with a vocal solo. Our college orchestra opened the program.

The following is the *dramatis personae*:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|--------------------|
| Ataliba, King of Quito..... | E. Werling. |
| Rolla, { Commanders | { W. Arnold. |
| Alonzo, { of Ataliba's Army | { P. Welsh. |
| Pizarro, the Spanish Leader..... | T. Kramer. |
| Valverde, Pizarro's Secretary..... | M. Koester. |
| Las Casas, a Spanish Priest..... | M. Ehleringer. |
| Elviro, Protege of Pizarro..... | J. Bach. |
| Gonzalo, { | { J. Wessel, |
| Davilla, { Pizarro's Friends | { H. Hoerstman, |
| Gomez, { and Counselors | { C. VanFlandern, |
| Almagro, } | { E. Hoffman. |
| An Old Blind man..... | J. Mutch. |
| Orezembo, an aged Peruvian Cacique.. | A. McGill. |
| Topac, Grandson of the old blind man, | L. Monahan. |
| Orano, a Peruvian Officer..... | A. Koenig. |
| A Spanish Sentinel..... | S. Kremer. |
| Attendant of Orezembo..... | E. Wachendorfer. |
| Alonzo's Son..... | J. A. Sullivan. |
| Peruvian Soldiers..... | { E. Flaig. |
| | { R. Monin. |
| Spanish Soldiers..... | { J. Steinbrunner, |
| | { T. Sulzer. |

The minor characters proved again the often

stated truth that if these are performed well, they give greater credit to the actors than the best roles badly impersonated. Recommendable for dramatic abilities are Messrs. Koester, Hoffman, McGill, Koonig and Sullivan. The dignity of the king of Quito was well portrayed by Mr. Werling. Mr. J. Bach acted with dramatic effect. Mr. Ehleringer spoke with fiery eloquence and pathos; his earnestness moved the audience. Mr. Welsh has on all occasions evinced great selfpossession on the stage; he never disappointed the audience, but always left them with pleasant impressions; at his last appearance, acting the part of Alonzo, he made his best and most successful effort. One who seems to be able to impersonate equally well any part assigned to him is Mr. Mutch; he plays the character of an old man as well as that of the king or general. There is a hidden gem in Mr. T. Kramer, which should however have been more polished by constant practice; he lacks the fire of a hero the most passionately ambitious. But the brightest star among the constellation of actors at St. Joseph's is Mr. W. Arnold. Surprising in his action and enunciation; his alacrity and graceful stageposition, unparalleled by any dramatist yet witnessed on our stage, won for him the laurels of the evening.

The success of the evening largely reflects on the indefatigable labors of our Moderator, the Rev. B. Boebner; his presence suffices to inspire the actors; his untiring activity and promptness are exemplary.

To all those who lent their assistance to make the celebration of this Thanksgiving an ever memorable one we extend our best thanks.

ATHLETICS.

On the afternoon of Columbus Day, the re-enforced Sibold's tried conclusions with the unconquered Hildebrand's. The game was hotly contested, and the two teams were as near a match as could be found. The Hildebrand's started the game by kicking to the Sibold's. The Sibold's, by the hard line-hitting of Shea, Flaherty, and Jones, carried the ball to the Hildebrand's ten yard line, where they were held for downs. The Hildebrand's advanced the ball only a few yards in several attempts at the line, and finally lost the ball. It was in possession of both teams several times during the first half, and the half closed with no score.

In the second half, Jones kicked to the Hildebrand's fifteen yard line, and the ball was carried back ten yards before it was downed. The Hildebrand's now succeeded in advancing the ball to the Sibold's twenty yard line, where the Hildebrand's tried a place kick, but the attempt was poor, and Jones caught the ball on his own five yard line, and ran the length of the field for a touchdown. This was easily the feature of the game. The goal was missed. The Hildebrand's kicked to the Sibold's, and then held for downs. The Hildebrand's were now determined to do or die, and by the most strenuous efforts advanced the ball to the Sibold's three yard line, where "Twee Twa" Sanderell was pushed over the line

for a touchdown. The goal was a difficult one to be kicked, but Captain "Jack", at the earnest solicitations of his admirers, and the promise of a national bank by Coach Wahl if he was successful, sent the oval flying between the goal posts, and in this manner won for his team a glorious victory, after a hard fought game, which was replete with brilliant plays.

Touchdowns—Jones, Sanderell. Goal from touchdown — Hildebrand. Referee—Hoerstman—Linesman—Halpin and Bach. Time of halves—Twenty-five minutes.

HONORARY MENTION.

FOR CONDUCT AND APPLICATION.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

G. Arnold, W. Arnold, J. Bach, E. Barnard, F. Boeke, J. Braun, P. Carlos, E. Cook, J. Dabbelt, W. Fisher, H. Froning, R. Goebel, R. Halpin, P. Hartman, H. Heim, B. Huelsman, E. Hoffman, H. Horstman, A. Junk, N. Keller, A. Knapke, J. Lang, J. Lemper, A. Lonsway, E. Lonsway, F. Mader, H. Metzdorf, A. McGill, L. Monahan, H. Muhler, J. Mutch, B. Quell, C. Ready, A. Reichert, J. Sanderell, M. Shea, V. Sibold, J. Steinbrunner, J. A. Sullivan, T. Sulzer, F. Theobald, C. VanFlandern,

F. Wagner, P. Wahl, B. Wellman, P. Welsh, E. Werling, J. Wessel, E. Wills, J. Yochem.

90-95 PER CENT.

J. Barrett, J. Buchman, M. Donohue, C. Ellis, W. Flaherty, T. Hammes, A. Hepp, J. Hildebrand, J. Jones, J. Naughton, C. Sibold, J. F. Sullivan, L. Wagner.

FOR CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

C. Mohr, D. Neuschwanger, E. Hefelee, H. Seiferle, W. Arnold, S. Hartman, S. Kremer, A. Schuette, I. Wagner, R. Goebel, R. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, M. Ehleringer, B. Schwieterman, J. Bach, L. Monahan, B. Wellman, R. Halpin, W. Ernest, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, U. Fisher, M. Helmig, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, E. Hoffman, J. Steinbrunner, H. Froning, A. Knapke, F. Mader, P. Hortman, H. Metzdorf, J. F. Sullivan.

84-90 PER CENT.

L. Linz, T. Kramer, S. Meyer, J. Mutch, M. Koester, E. Werling, E. Wills, H. Hoerstman, B. Holler, R. Monin, X. Jaeger, L. Huber, E. Flaig, A. McGill, J. Wessel, P. Welsh, A. Koenig, C. Grube, F. Didier, E. Cook, G. Arnold, J. Dabbelt, R. Reiniek, F. Steinbrunner, A. Schaefer, W. Scheidler, W. Fisher, N. Keller, A. Lonsway, M. Shea, J. A. Sullivan, A. Reichert, B. Huelsman, J. Sanderell, A. Hepp, H. Heim, J. Lemper, J. Yochem.

Omitted from the 84 per cent column of Nov. T. Sulzer, E. Lonsway, P. Carlos.